57

Honour Retriev'd

A

POEM,

To his Grace the

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*.

Honour Retriev'd.

A
POEM.

OCCASION'D

By the late Victories obtain'd over the *French* and *Bavarians* by the Forces of the Allies, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*.

---- *Victoria nulla*
Clarior, aut Hominum votis optatior unquam
Contigit. —— Claudian.

By SAMUEL COBB, *M. A.*

LONDON:
Printed for *William Turner*, at the *Angel* at *Lincolns-Inn* Back Gate, and *John* *Nutt*, near *Stationers Hall.* MDCCV. Price 1 *s.*

Lately publiſh'd,
⁂ *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry. Tranſlated from the Original Greek, according to Mr. *Theodore Goulſton*'s Edition; together with Mr. *D'Acier*'s Notes, Tranſlated from the *French*. Printed for *William Turner*, Price 6 *s.*

15462.8.R.12F*

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Honour Retriev'd

A

POEM,

To his Grace the

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*.

Scarce had we time allow'd our Thanks to yield,
For bloody *Schellenberg*'s Victorious Field,
When Heav'n, reſolving *ANNA*'s Arms to bleſs,
Our Joys continu'd with a new Succeſs.
Conqueſts on Conqueſts crowded on ſo faſt;
The Firſt were Brave, but God-like were the Laſt.
The former Glories, which Fame lately ſung,
When *Donawert* thro' *German* Vallies rung,
In dying Sounds now languiſh'd on her Tongue.

What Muſe, delighted in Wars loud Allarms,
Will pay an *Iliad* to the *Britiſh* Arms?
Who will erect a Temple? Who will raiſe
An Altar, ſacred to the General's Praiſe?

Honours,

Honours, like Theſe, were by Old *Romans* paid,
To the vain Shadows of the uſeleſs Dead.
Cæſarean Souls, from Funeral Piles, above
Thus ſoar'd, on Eagles, to their Fabled *Jove*.
The *Roman* Bird may now more juſtly fly,
Bear back the well-us'd Thunder to the Sky,
And whilſt Alive the Heroe Deify.

Should ſome kind Muſe, with a *Pierian* rage,
Inflame my Breaſt, and conſecrate my Page,
Or would propitious *CHURCHILL* deign to ſhine
On my low Thought, and brighten every Line:
Not *Egypt*'s Pyramid ſhould mine ſurpaſs,
Like Marble poliſh'd, and more ſtrong than Braſs;
The well built Monument of laſting Rhyme,
Should ſcorn the Impotence of Fire and Time.

Haſt, Goddeſs, then, for conquering Garlands go,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *MARLBOROUGH*.
To *Granic* Banks, or where *Hydaſpes* ſhore,
On his laſt Elephant ſtout *Porus* bore,
(To grace the Honours of this Day) repair,
And ſnatch *Pellæan* Ivy ſpringing there.
Let *Rubicon* her *Julian* Palms reſign,
Nor ſpare *Naſſovian* Laurels on the *Boyne*.
For theſe *Danubius*, and her Rivers call;
Inſatiate Triumph! to demand them All.

Nor ſhould we Juſtice, due to Valour, pay,
If leſs were offer'd for that Glorious Day;
When *Albion*'s Queen, with one deciding Stroke,
The *Germans* reſcu'd from the *Gallick* Yoke.
She ſent a Heroe to releaſe their Fears,
And brake th' Inchantment of twice Thirty Years.
She loos'd the Charms of the *Borbonian* Dream,
And ravel'd *Richlieu*'s Univerſal Scheme.

For now was *France* ſwoln to ſo vaſt a ſize,
That with heap'd Provinces ſhe brav'd the Skies.
And, looking evil, ſtretch'd at monſtrous length
Her bulky Body of prodigious ſtrength.
Like that huge Serpent, in wild *Libya* nurſt,
Abhorr'd by Heav'n, by Earth, his Parent; curſt.
Which Monarch Lions of their Thrones diſplac'd,
While a tame Terrour their rough Brows diſgrac'd:
Which could the force of *Regulus* employ,
And, ſingle, ask whole Legions to deſtroy.
Pil'd on himſelf, in hundred Folds he ſtood,
And then, projected o'er the Neigh'bring Flood,
Some from the fartheſt Banks the Monſter drew,
And ſome, confiding to the River, ſlew.
The Sun, amaz'd, withdrew his trembling light,
And Clouds flew back at the portentous ſight.

Such was the Haughty *Gaul*! His Reach ſo long!
His windings various, and his Venom ſtrong,

With double ſtrength for all events prepar'd,
No Arms he wanted, and no Arts he ſpar'd.
Phæbus beheld his Reign, wher'ere he rowl'd,
O'er Rocks of Diamonds, and o'er Mines of Gold.
Theſe to his Crown raviſh'd *Iberia* gave,
Deſtructive Trophies of the *Indian Grave*!
His Power and Wealth to forreign States preſcrib'd,
With This he threaten'd, and with That he brib'd.
And to diſguiſe the Cheat, he would Exclaim
On Saints, on Angels, and th'Eternal Name.
But none were found ſo ſlaviſh and unjuſt,
To take his Preſents, or his Oaths to truſt,
Except *Bavaria*'s Duke: Ah! fondly blind,
Of credulous, and mercenary Mind.
Are Princes bought ſo cheap? Is Honour ſold,
Like Merchandiſe, at the poor price of Gold?
Think you *French* Gifts are true? Is *Lewis* grown
Beſotted lately, and no better known?

Say, does thy folly drive thee, or thy Fate,
To tempt Great *ANNA*'s wrath, and *England*'s hate?
Can Thee, nor Conſcience bind, nor Kindneſs move?
No Ties of Duty? And no Charms of Love?
Deaf to ſafe Counſel, and each tender Call,
And blind to *Cologn*'s late inſtructive Fall.

Yet we muſt do him Juſtice, and confeſs
His Courage ſignal, nor his Conduct leſs.

Who skill'd in Stratagem, in Battle brave,
Could Fighting conquer, or Retreating ſave.
ULM felt his ſubtle Arms, and *Ratisbon* ſaw
Her Town ſubmitted to *Bavarian* Law.
Then from the *Gallick* ſhoar a furious blaſt
Urg'd on the wild Combuſtion, as it paſt.
In rowling Flames now frighted *Suabia* burns,
And *Pſullendorf* her fate in Aſhes mourns.
Then to *Franconian* Walls, the gathering blaze
Begins to travel: *Auſtria* with amaze
See's its luxuriant March: *Vienna* ſoon,
(Which had ſo oft eclips'd the *Turkiſh* Moon)
Th' Alarum took; and fear'd the *Chriſtian* more
Than *Solyman*, or *Mahomet* before.
So Pride and Perjury can Empires rend,
This grants no Equal, and *that* ſpares no Friend.
To whom for Succour ſhall the Afflicted go?
Shall *Cæſar*'s Succeſſor precarious grow?
Shall *Leopold* on his own Force rely?
'Twere vain to Fight; and 'tis as baſe to fly.
This rouz'd the Reverend Genius of the *Weſt*,
Who long in Secret, from his lab'ring Breaſt,
Deep Sighs and Groans, not human, had expreſt.
Wher'ere he look'd, Death and Confuſion reign'd;
Old Mother Earth of her rude Sons complain'd,
Who her kind boſom with their Blood diſtain'd.
Rivers, diſcolour'd, to the Ocean bore
Europe's Diſgrace, in Streams of Chriſtian Gore,
A Joy to *Turks*, and each *Barbarian* ſhoar.

Who can our Ruin and Diſtraction tell?
Here *Poliſh*, there *Hungarian* Lords rebel.
On this ſide *Savoy* is by *France* annoy'd,
On that the Empire, *only not deſtroy'd.*

Here Grief and Pity from the Genius drew
Tears, ſuch as mourning Angels Eyes bedew.
His hands to Heav'n up-lifting, and his head
Low bowing, thus the hoary Guardian pray'd.

O Thou Supream Director of Affairs
In Heav'n and Earth, attend thy Suppliant's Pray'rs!
Creator! Thunderer! Redeemer! hear;
If e're my Services have been ſincere.
If e're with Joy I haſten'd to fulfil
Thy juſt Commands, and execute thy Will.

Thou doſt the jarring Elements reſtrain,
And bind them faſt with thy Eternal Chain.
Inſulting Seas their ancient Duty know,
Keep within Limits, and no farther flow.
But Man, incroaching on his Neighbour's Right,
Breeds dire Diſſention, and perpetual Spight.
What thouſands by the greedy Sword have dy'd,
A Sacrifice to Treaſon, or to Pride?
Diſcord uſurps my *Europæan* Charge,
Lives abſolute below, and Rules at large.

How long ſhall Saints beneath thy Altar pray
For ſwift Revenge? How long wilt Thou delay?
Legions of Angels are at thy Command;
But thou art Greater in a weaker hand.
Say, what Diviner Mortal wilt thou chuſe
To act thy Vegeance, and thy Power to uſe?
Pity the poor Remains of Human Kind;
Thou art all Eye; O, ſeem no longer blind!
No more be pleas'd to wink at Man's Offence,
But Thunder, and Abſolve thy Providence.

His Prayers tow'rd Heaven, like pointed Arrows, flew,
And from the Heart of God Compaſſion drew.
Beſides young *Raphael* on his Wings had born,
Each dewy Eve, and each returning Morn,
The warmeſt Breathings of a Soul ſerene;
And pureſt Wiſhes of an *Engliſh* QUEEN:
Th' Almighty Mind ſaw, and was griev'd to ſee;
(As far as Grief can touch the Deity)
His Arm, extended, held a Lightning Storm;
Not ſuch as Clouds from claſhing Vapours form,
But ſuch as Heav'nly Wrath is us'd to throw
On human Crimes, and Perjuries below.
When his loud Horſes, through the *cleareſt* Sky,
His rattling Chariot draw, and Thunder as they fly.
Then ſhaking Heav'n around, Yes, we will Riſe,
Said God, nor longer our juſt Wrath diſguiſe:

No more ſhall impious, unreflecting Clay
Upbraid our fix'd Reſolves, and wiſe Delay.
Through the thick Veil of Fleſh can Mortals ſpy,
The ſecret Paths of dark Futurity?
No; tho' the Lords of Earth preſume to think
Their Actions juſt, becauſe we pleaſe to Wink.
Vain Glow-Worms of Mankind! Poor, ſcepter'd Duſt!
Are we not God? And can We be unjuſt?
The time is come, which ſhall our Vengeance ſhow,
And a weak Hand, unſeen, ſhall give the Blow.
Bleinheim will come, *Danubius* will convince
Thy Vanity; it will *Borbonian* Prince!
Now to the Stars thy towering *Babel* rear;
But for Confuſion, and a Fall, prepare.
He ſaid, and calling an unhappy Fate,
(For two of different Natures round him wait;
This rob'd in ſilver Rays, all milky White;
That more deform'd and fowler to the Sight,
Than blackeſt Scenes of the diſhoneſt Night.)
Begone, ſaid God to *France*, falſe Angel, go,
Where Princes wait the Monarch's Nod below,
Fly; we permit Thee to deceive and blind,
With Viſionary Glory, his Ambitious Mind.

As ſoon as ſpoke, the Spirit takes his flight,
Chaſing away the Stars propitious Light;
And vvith his ſooty Form improves the horrid Night.
At the *Verſalian* Dome he ſtop'd, and took
The Shape of *Mazarine*'s diſſembling Look.

Unſeen at laſt the ſlumbring King he found,
In vain with wakeful Guards encompaſs'd round:
To baniſh from his Thoughts intruding Care,
And frightful Fancies, which his Conſcience tear.
With ſoothing Words, well practis'd in deceit,
He gilded thus the Venerable Cheat.

Sleep'ſt thou Vaſt Soul of the *Borbonian* Line?
Thou Labour of projecting *Mazarine*!
Do Princes, who ſuſtain a Nation's weight,
Thus aim to *Riſe*, and ſtudy to be *Great*?
Thus doſt Thou Fame purſue? Whoſe ominous Birth
Preſag'd new Empire to th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
Young ſmiling Angels bleſt thy Infant Bed,
And Lambent Glory ſhone round the World's promis'd Head.
Thy ſpringing Fortunes Heav'n reſerv'd for Me
To poliſh and improve the prodigy.
With Blood of *Hereticks*, I quench'd the Flame
Which ſhook the ſteddy Fabrick of thy Fame.
By Me it ſtood: I taught the *Gallick* Shore
To eccho the curſt *Hugonot* no more.
What then I did, e're Fate had cut my Thread,
Believe my *Ghoſt* contriving with the *Dead*.

For thee I left Thoſe happy Plains above,
To teſtify my Duty, and my Love,
And on thy Triumphs wait; believe the Call
Of Heav'n and *Mazarine*; 'tis deſtin'd All

What I relate; and God with ſure ſucceſs,
Thy Fleet will Favour, and thy Armies Bleſs.
Prepare thy Navy, ev'ry Sail advance,
For ſo muſt ſtuborn *Albion* bow to *France*.
Angels attend thy Flags; behold the Sea
No longer doubts who ſhall her Sovereign be.
Behold thy Squadron hoiſting for the Shore
O're ſhatter'd Planks, thro' Waves of *Britiſh* Gore.
Nor let thy Marſhals linger on the *Rhine*,
On the *Danubian* Banks prepare to join
With Succour thy *Bavarian* Friend, and Mine.
What? Doſt thou fear? Who can thy Troops oppoſe?
Can *tardy Germans*, or *dull Holland* Foes?
Can *giddy England* with a Conquering Field
In Councels heady, and in Arms unskill'd. ?
In vain for new *Plantagenets* they look,
Of *Edward*'s, *Harry*'s, and of God forſook.
Think'ſt thou that Heav'n deſigns his high Command,
And Reins of Empire for a Woman's Hand?
A feeble Queen? Away, ungenerous Thought!
Art thou *My Lewis*, and no better taught?
Still doſt thou ſnore ſupine? Up, Glory cries;
If e're the Charms of Empire mov'd thee, Riſe!
Now, now, aſcend thy Univerſal Throne!
For Heav'n has ſaid it, and *the Worlds thy Own*
At this the Monarch ſtarted from his Bed:
Sleep left his Eyes, and the Deluſion fled.
Stay, Heav'nly Viſion!—— Thrice in vain he ſpoke,
For into Air the lying *Fantom* broke.

Yet ſtill amus'd, and to belief inclin'd
Of Glories, promis'd to his graſping Mind,
He ſmil'd: Imagin'd Scenes of Triumph ſpread
Youth thro' his Limbs, and the beguiling Shade
Like *Homer's Pallas*, had inlarg'd his ſize:
Reviving Nature with renew'd Supplies,
Sprung thro' his wither'd Veins, and ſparkled in his Eyes.
Now *Italy*, now *Holland* he devours,
Now the *Britannick*, and the *German* Powers.
In one Campaign he now pretends to ſweep
What *Baden* in hard Fields was us'd to reap;
And *Eugene*'s *Latian* harveſts pile on his triumphant heap.

A Council call'd, what in his Dream he heard,
The King relates: How *Mazarine* appear'd.
Some, not too credulous, adviſe to uſe
His Ancient Fraud, and with known Arts amuſe.
Others, devoted to the Viſion's Call,
Think it no Dream, but Revelation all.
Villars, *Marſin*, *Villeroy*, and *Tallard* move
For Battle: This the Monarch does approve.

Little he thought our Valour dar'd to roam
Beyond our pleaſant Fields, and Native Home.
That on far Banks we would our Standards bear,
And wave our Colours in a *German* Air.
Had he forgot, what ancient Poets told,
How *Scipio* puniſh'd Perjury of Old?

Tho' *Fabius*, willing to prolong his ſtay,
Pleads his *once* cautious, fortunate Delay.
Yet Victory, whoſe Wings are us'd to fly,
Nor always hover in a Middle Sky,
Bears the young Heroe to the *Punick* Shores,
Removes the War, and *Italy* reſtores.

Mean time the Duke, who for two long Campaigns
Had gain'd dry Conqueſts on the *Flandrian* Plains,
Now with ſvvift Marches had the *Neckar* paſt:
Winds follovv'd him, and ſcarce o're took at laſt.
Tallard looks round, aſtoniſh'd; *Where,* he cries,
Where were the Mouths of Fame? Where Argus *Eyes?*
Thoſe hundred Eyes, vvith vvhich my Maſter ſees
All Princes Counſels, were they blind to Theſe?
O Fame, with liſtning Ears thou once wert hung;
Why were they deaf? Why ſilent every Tongue?
Is *England* *SECRET* grown? And then a Sigh,
Preſaging, whiſper'd that his Fall was nigh.
He eat his valiant Heart to ſee the Prey
He thought his own, ſo bravely ſnatch'd away.
With Doubts bewildred, angrily, he ſtood,
And ſwell'd in vain. As in ſome *Libyan* Wood
When a fell *Tyger* has a *Bull* in Chaſe,
A *Lyon* ruſhes, and retards his pace.
To nobler Teeth forc'd to reſign the Prize
He ſpurns the yellow Sand, and rends the Skies.
He growls, retiring with a feeble Rage,
Aſham'd to fly, yet fearing t' Engage.

Novv

Now had the Moon twice wain'd ; the fiery Sun
His crooked Race had thro' the Lion run,
While the Duke's Army, fortify'd to bear
The ſultry Fury of the Barking Star,
Five hund'red Miles, had with unwearied Feet,
Meaſur'd, and cop'd with a whole Summer's heat.
Tho' Thirſt and Hunger call, yet none complain
Of the ſpoil'd Vineyard, or the pillag'd Grain.
Such Peace in Arms they to their Leader owe ;
By His Example, o'er ſteep Hills they go,
And croſs wide Rivers ſwifter than they flow.

As Bees, united in a Cluſter, Flock,
Tho' ſeparate People, from a hollow Rock.
So round Him divers ſpeaking Nations came ;
Their Language various, their Conſent the ſame.
The Faithful *Pruſſian*, and the Hardy *Dane*,
The Valiant *Heſſian*, with a ſmaller Train
Of Courages, to make the *Wonderful Campaign*.

And now behold two ready Armies meet,
Which, horrible to ſpeak! in Thunder greet.
Be kind, ye Angels, who protect the State
Of *Europe*, and on *Britain*'s Fortunes wait!
Spare not o'er *MARLBOROUGH*'s important Head
Your Swords to brandiſh, and your Wings to ſpread :
For whom we Pray, and tire the Power Above
With frequent Wiſhes, for the Man We love :

For whom the tender Darling of his Breaſt,
Sighs all the Day, and Weeps the Stars to reſt:
Who Fights abroad, while *ANNA* Prays at home,
And moves with Paſſion the *Windſorian Dome*:
For if ſhe ſighs, the Statues ſeem to groan;
And, at Her Tears, hard Marbles ſweat their own;
Concern and Greatneſs in her Looks are ſeen,
The Loving Mother, and Defending Queen.
Go, Muſe, to *ANNA*, who thy Voice will hear,
Go, bid Her dry up every balmy Tear:
Tell how Her Arms all *Europe* have reſtor'd;
Tell how Her Prayers were ſtronger than the Sword.
Then to the Hero's lov'd *Cornelia* fly,
Relate the *Schellenbergian* Victory.
But ſpeak no farther, leſt the dreadful Name
Of pointed Canon, fright the lovely Dame.
Yet ſay, What Man thro' the thick Squadrons broke,
Smear'd with brave Duſt, and honourable Smoak?
Say how He Flames; As when ſome Town's on Fire,
A lighted Beacon warns the Neighb'ring Shire.
The Giddy Rout, this way and that way run,
Uncertain where to fly, or what to ſhun.
So fled the falſe Elector: Conſcious grown
His Neighbour's Fate preluded to his Own.
He throws around him a diſtracted Look;
Behind him follows the Victorious D U K E:
So cloſe perſu'd, he would repent his Pride;
And bends, and wavers to the better ſide.

Then quickly changing his inconſtant Mind,
He yields, like Oſiers, to the Northern Wind.
When *Tallard*, ſtrengthen'd with a numerous Force
Of freſh Battalions, and of *Houſhold* Horſe,
Comes pouring like a Torrent; ſuch a Hoſt
Deſerv'd our Swords; the beſt which *France* could boaſt.
He thought this Summer, like the laſt, would yield
A plenteous Harveſt, and an equal Field:
He Dreamt new Lawrels growing on his Brow,
And that chain'd Fortune was oblig'd to bow.

Now the two Armies were in Battle rang'd,
And Death for Death, with mutual Shot exchang'd,
The Sun had told Eight Hours, and juſt began
To number out the Ninth to weary Man:
While Heav'n, to weigh whoſe Valour muſt prevail,
Hung o'er the Warriours Heads the doubtful Scale;
Till a kind Angel came, and at the Throne
Of God, approaching, threw a Royal Groan.
Till Pious Sighs, drawn deep from *ANNA*'s Breaſt,
Our Fate decided, and the Ballance preſs'd.

Then *EVGENE* thrice repuls'd, with double might
Rebounded, like *Antæus*, to the Fight;
Reviving, as lopp'd Elms are us'd to grow,
With ſecond Youth, and flouriſh from the Blow.
The Fourth Attack to his Remembrance brought,
How he at *CARPI* and *LVZARA* fought.

How, nigh the Banks of *Padus* ſwelling Flood,
He dy'd *Auſonian* Fields with *Gallick* Blood.
Then Fame appear'd, and with her gilded Dart
Began to pierce the brave *Italian's* Heart;
Then might you ſee him, like a Lion, ſpring
With nimble Rage, on the *Bavarian* Wing,
Stung with new Praiſe, impatient of delay;
Not groves of Pikes, not Showers of Fire could ſtay
His *Latian* Fortunes; now the Elector flies,
And to the hollow Vales for refuge cries:
Then with the Marſhal, to the Woods Retreats,
To hide that ſhame, which every Tree Repeats.

Nor were we hindmoſt in the Courſe of Fame,
Nor with leſs Zeal perſu'd the Noble Game.
Our Left, as far as *England's* Sons could do,
Copy'd their Great Original in view:
Who, with his Sword, where thickeſt Troops ingage,
Leaves bloody Foot-ſteps of his manly Rage.
Then for new Glory does Occaſion ſeek,
Rallies the Routed, and Recruits the Weak.
Watchful, as Eagles, when a Danger's nigh,
As quick to ſee it, and as ſwift to fly:
As brave to dare, ſtill conſtant in ſucceſs.
Great in his Preſence, nor in Abſence leſs;
As *Leda's* Son, conceal'd from mortal Sight,
Still ſhines in Conſort with Fraternal Light.

So in his Brother, is the DUKE the ſame,
And Fortune flies if ſhe hear *CHURCHILL*'s Name.
Go, Muſe, and hail him ; From *BLEINHEIM* he comes ;
Hark ! how the heartning Trumpets and the Drums
Sound him Victorious ! ſee ! pale Generals yield
Their Thouſands to the Genius of the Field.
Gowram is there, and from his Heap of Spoils,
Looks down, and ſmiles on thy officious Toils.
To him reſign up thy *Parnaſſian* Care,
In *Mars* and thee, he has the largeſt ſhare ;
Scarce can we know in which he does excel,
So bravely will he Fight, and Sing ſo well.
Should kind *Bellona* ſo much leiſure give,
(If in his Verſe they could obtain to live)
Heroes contented would receive their Doom,
And march unmourn'd, and joyful to the Tomb.

Now go, where Death, upon the ſmoaky Plain,
Grins, eminent o'er Mountains of the ſlain ;
There ſure, and only there, may WOOD be found,
With Blood and Carcaſſes incompaſs'd round :
WOOD us'd to danger, but unus'd to fear,
Equal as Juſtice, and as Truth ſincere.
No braver Man e'er drew an *Engliſh* Sword,
None truer to his Country, and his Word.

Could I but promiſe my Poetick Page
Would reach the Heroes of a future Age,

Palmes, *Wilkins*, *Ingoldsby*, and **North** ſhould ſhine
With *Webb* and *Orkney*, in my deathleſs Line.

But the DUKE calls: What Dangers does he court!
War has been gameſome yet, and ſeem'd to ſport;
For now broke looſe from all her brazen Chains,
O'er riſing Mountains, and o'er ſubject Plains,
The *Fury* ſtrides abroad, and Arbitrary reigns.
Fear in the Front, her ſure fore-runner, goes,
And griſly Death behind whole *Squadrons* mows
Twice Fifteen Hundred gallant Youths, as brave
As *France* could boaſt, which might a Nation ſave
From gaping Ruin, nor have miſt ſucceſs;
Had Holy *ANNA*'s Piety been leſs,
Or leſs the Heroe's Valour. Theſe in vain
Of their deſpair'd and hapleſs Fate complain.
QUEEN *ANN*, we cry, QUEEN *ANN*, the Vales reſound;
To Heaven loud Peals aſcend, and *Æther* Wound.
Terribly loud our Acclamations drove
The frighted Foes below, and Clouds above;
Here Angels throw diſtraction, as they fled,
There dart new Beams upon the *General*'s Head;
Who now, collected in himſelf, was ſeen,
His Lawrels, amidſt all the Thunder, Green:
Where ſhall the routed Horſe Protection find?
Before them Water, and the Fire behind;
Between two Elements amaz'd they ſtood,
Till headlong puſh'd, they flounce and plunge the rapid Flood.

Tallard alone, of all his ſtrength forſook,
Bows to the *Greater Genius* of the DUKE.
Surprizing horrour in the reſt appears,
Nor can the braveſt Heart conceal his fears;
Nor can they thus their ſudden fate prevent,
By truſting to a milder Element.
For bright *Aſariel*, (who by Heav'ns decree,
Can bind the Floods, or let their Torrents free;
At whoſe Command the Surges of the deep,
Awaken'd, bellow, or retire to ſleep:)
Thus to *Danubius* ſpoke; Erect thy Head,
Thou *Ancient River*, from thy ſedgy Bed.
See! where the florid boaſt of *Gallick* Pride
Diſturbs thy Waters, and inſults thy Tide:
Call all thy Springs and Fountains to thy Aid,
Leſt meaner Rivers thy weak force upbraid:
With thy whole ſtrength ſurround thy deſtin'd Prey,
And imitate old *Kiſhon's* ſweepy way:
Vain all their graceful Looks! nor ſhall the ſight
Of dazling Arms prevail, nor Valour fright:
If they attempt with feeble Hands to row,
Swell o'er their Heads, and plunge them deep below:
No mourning Friends their Bodies ſhall interr,
Be thou their Winding-ſheet, and Sepulcher.

Danubius heard, and with Impetuous rore
Collecting ſtrength, laſh'd the reſounding ſhore.

The *Watry War* begins : With boiling wrath
He urges forward his *Victorious* Froth;
The proud *Gens d' Arms*, who hop'd their Lives to ſave,
And find protection from the fleeting Wave ;
Deluded thus, in wild confuſion ſwim,
And with vain blows inflict the paſſive Stream.
The *River* then, diſcharging on his Foes,
Mud, Sand, and Stones, his whole Artillery throws
From his vex'd bottom ; ſome with violent ſtrokes
He head-long bears ; ſome with hurl'd Gravel chokes ;
With idle Swords ſome think to ward the blow
Of Billows breaking on their Heads below ;
Others, deſpairing, rowl their ghaſtly Eyes
Tow'rds higheſt Heav'n, and blame the cruel Skies.

Mean time the generous Horſe of Warlike ſtrain,
Unus'd to trample on the *Liquid Plain*,
Fearfully neighs, the Silver foam around
Snorting againſt the Banks, the Banks reſound.
Till vainly fretting in his martial Breaſt,
A mountain Wave o'erwhelms the Noble Beaſt.
He and his Rider drown ; the following weight
Of ſlain oppreſs them, and inſure their Fate.
For our quick ſhot, pour'd from the River's brink,
Sends Crowds below ; they now by hundreds ſink ;
While frequent Carcaſſes, and Foam, and Blood,
(A horrid mixture) fattens all the Flood.

Wives for their Husbands, Mothers for their Sons,
At home lament in never-ceaſing Moans;
The tender Virgins for their Lovers weep,
Who under Hills of noiſy Waters ſleep,
No Earth their Bones preſerves; no Urns their Aſhes keep.
In troubled Mud they periſh and conſume,
And heaps of Billows are their flowing Tomb.

Hear, O! *Bavarian Licus*, as you ſwell
Danubius, ſay how thy falſe Maſter fell.
Bear it to *Dravus*, let *Tibiſcus* hear,
And ſound it in the *Tranſilvanian*'s Ear:
Tell him, whoſe Squadrons, truſting to the Wave,
Their fancied Friend, obtain'd a real Grave.
Tell him, that Princes, who on *France* rely,
Thus ſeek their Ruin, who for Refuge fly.

But if the World by Tyranny oppreſt,
Begins to Groan, and heave its throbbing Breaſt;
If the ſad ſound reach *ANNA*'s pitying Ear,
Be ſtill, ye Nations, and forget to fear.
If Empires mourn, Her *MARLBOROUGH* is ſent
To ſtop their Tears, and calm the Continent.
If the wrong'd *Auſtrian* to Her Standard run,
She ſaves the Father, and inthrones the Son.
If we below Storm ſome important Fort,
She ſcales the Skies above, and ſhakes the Heav'nly Court;
Where'er the Wretched for Her Succour call,
The Equal Mother is alike to All;

Not raw in ills, nor ignorant of Grief,
She ſpreads Her Wings abroad, and ſends Relief;
Her Colours fly, where they ne'er flew before,
Fierce Quarrels to decide, and Right reſtore.
If, when repairing to *Imperial Aid*,
The *Bloody Croſs* of *England* is diſplay'd
On the *Moſelle*, the *Danube*, or the *Rhine*,
Deſcending Angels bleſs the ſacred Sign,
And happy Omens give, as once to *Conſtantine*.
When proud *Maxentius* with his Helliſh Crew,
The new born Chriſtian into *Tyber* threw.

Now weary Death's Commiſſion was expir'd,
And the Pale Glutton with the DUKE, retir'd;
War's Trumpet to Retreat was ſoftly blown,
When Fame began to rattle with her own;
From th' obſcure Village of *BLEINHEIM* ſhe came,
(Obſcure of old, but now a noted Name)
Then o'er high Hills, o'er Seas, o'er Earth ſhe flew,
Her Voice grew louder, as her Motion grew.
As ſmother'd Flames in nightly embers ſleep,
When wretched Man *Morphean* Fetters keep,
Till burſting forth the ſecret Robber preys
On Houſes firſt, then Towns in Ruin lays,
While forward Winds aſſiſt the waken'd Blaze;
Or as when *Eurus*, or when *Auſter* pent
In ſubteranean Caverns, ſtrain for vent;

Till, with ſoft Whiſpers breaking into Birth,
They roar, inlarg'd, and ſhake the frighted Earth.
Such Rumour was ; ſo ſhook the Skies around;
The vaulted Skies rebellow'd with the ſound.
Then from their Toils below, the Guardian Hoſt
With Sailing wings made for the Starry Coaſt :
And there recounted how obedient They
Diſcharg'd the Buſineſs of th' Important Day.
Heav'n with repeated *Hallelujahs* rung,
And Saints the Triumphs of God's Vengeance ſung ;
They ſung the Arrows from his angry Bow,
Wet with the Blood of Tyranny below.
How, for their Princes crime, his awful Might
Tumbles proud Empires from their Airy height.
How Kingdoms flouriſh where good Monarchs ſway
Who Rule, like *ANNA*, and like *ANNA*, Pray.

Surely the Father of all Power deſign'd
That ſofteſt Image of His Heavenly Mind
To ſtill the jarring World, and bleſs Mankind.
Ah happy *Albion!* cou'dſt Thou juſtly prize
So great a Gift, and Favour of the Skies,
Nor *Hell*, nor *France* ſhould baffle a deſign
Form'd by a Senate, and a QUEEN, like Thine.
A QUEEN, who moves Heaven's Everlaſting Throne,
To hear whoſe Voice fair Angels ſtop their own.
If future Victories thou mean'ſt to prove,
She ſpeaks Below the Diolect Above.

Let all your Courage, all your Counſels fall
On proud *Caſtile*, and yet unhumbled *Gaul*;
Let not that Bane of Nations, Strife and Pride,
Or in your Senate or your Hearts reſide.
Betheſda's Stream ſhould now be calm and cool,
Expect no ſecond *Angel* at the Pool.
In the vext Spring no Vertue is conceal'd.
The Waters were but once diſturb'd, and heal'd.
United Minds alone can *France* defeat,
Her Armies vanquiſh, and her Navy beat.

So ſhall Your *Admirals* by Sea prevail
So ſhall conſpiring Winds on every Sail
Blow with a gentle and propitious Gale.
So Frightning *Drakes*, and *Raleighs* ſhall be ſeen,
When *Rooks*, and *Shovels* plough the watry Green,
Alcides, bluſhing, ſhall behold them go
Beyond his Pillars, and his Toils out do.

So *Glorious* DUKE, when in th' approaching year
Thy Arms and Fortunes ſhall in *France* appear;
Plantagenets ſhall thy Attendants be,
And New *Black Princes* ſhall ariſe in thee.
I ſee their Angels hover o'er thy Head,
And Ancient Vertue riſing from the Head.
Heav'n ſhall for Thee ſuch Miracles produce,
And Fate confirm the Promiſe of the Muſe.

FINIS.